

Dreams.

Everyone has dreams. We all have goals in life we want to achieve.

I have dreams too. I dream, that one day, I'll become a famous dancer, or maybe even a world renowned mathematician, and it does not stop here. If you had /all the time in the world, I, without fail, would be able to give you a long list of all the dreams I have.

Our dreams are like the seeds of our life, the seed of the tree, of who we will be, the windows through which we see a hint of our future every night we sleep.

This I believe.

All my life many have told me that I can't. My brother told me I can't sing. My mum told me I can't study well. My sister said that I can't draw. My dad reckons I'll never ever be famous.

I guess, it it because of these negative comments that affected my self confidence, my self esteem, and for awhile or so, I stopped believing in myself, believing in my dreams.

In school, I was a dancer. Our dance society was known for producing the best dances amongst secondary schools across the country. Thus it was nothing strange to be surrounded by a studio full of arising talents.

At that point in time, I didn't know what I was doing in a dance society like this. And without any dance background, I convinced myself that I can't dance, as I watched the other dancers prance gracefully across the floor.

Days past. Weeks past. Slowly, I was starting to find myself appreciating the beauty of a dance. Suddenly, I wanted to dance. I fell in love with dance. I wanted to abandon all the negative thoughts, and be like the other dancers. I wanted to shine. For once.

I started training really hard. Dancing on in the society was hard with tough competition. However, I had to persevere on if I wanted to dream of becoming a great dancer some day.

I met with critics; some harsh comments from the seniors that made me want to relinquish this dream at times. It was hard to pick myself up and tell myself not to cry.

Finally the results of the selected dancers for our latest performance were released. It was time to find out if all my hard work had paid off.

One by one, the successful dancers were called to the front. I prayed that my name would be called. Soon, a line of about 25 dancers was formed, and the line stopped.

I failed. I didn't get a single role in the dance. I should just give everything up and stop trying to deceive myself. I can't dance.

I was thankful for friends who comforted me and encouraged me to always keep the faith.

Soon after, I realised that dancing wasn't all about perfect techniques. Dance was about expressing myself and enjoying every single moment of it. So what if I'm not the perfect dancer, I shouldn't just give up on my dream. I want to dance and I should. After all this is my life to live.

Ever since, I started to believe in myself and never stopped believing in my dreams.

Our future is build upon our dreams, and we create those dreams. All our dreams can come true if we've the courage to pursue them. So dream on, we mustn't be afraid to live our dreams!